Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Mee they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will backe thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

Samp. Let us take the Law of our ſides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſſe by, & let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us ſir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb ſir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us ſir?

Samp. Is the law on our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir, no ſir.

Samp. But if you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my Maſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregory* remember thy ſwaſhing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part fooles, put up your ſwords, you know not what you doe.

Enter